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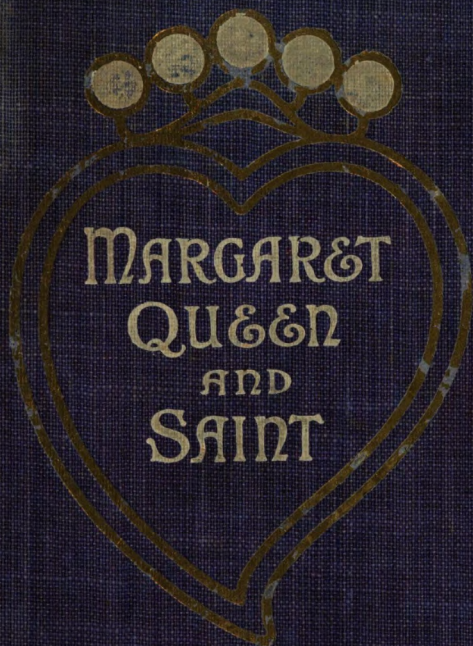
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MARGARET, QUEEN AND SAINT

IT cannot be doubted that Queen Margaret is one of the most beautiful characters known to history. Her character and good work are everywhere acknowledged—not one dissentient voice—and the more we learn of her the higher she seems. I agree with you thoroughly in regard to her influence, even upon Dunfermline youth of to-day. The possession of Dunfermline Abbey and of its traditions differentiates Dunfermline from the ordinary town, and does influence her sensitive sons and daughters of to-day, as it will in days to come.—Extract of letter to Author from Mr Andrew Carnegie, LL.D.



**QUEEN MARGARET EXPOUNDING THE SCRIPTURES TO
MALCOLM CANMORE**

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GLASGOW LIBRARY

MARGARET QUEEN AND SAINT

BY

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'LIFE AND WORK OF DUNCAN M'LAREN,' 'MODERN JOURNALISM,' ETC.

EDITOR OF 'DUNFERMLINE JOURNAL'

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PROEM

“PERHAPS,” says Dr Skene in his “Celtic Scotland,” “there is no more beautiful character recorded in history than that of Margaret. For purity of motives, for an earnest desire to benefit the people among whom her lot was cast, for a deep sense of religion and great personal piety, for the unselfish performance of whatever duty lay before her, and for entire self-abnegation she is unsurpassed.”

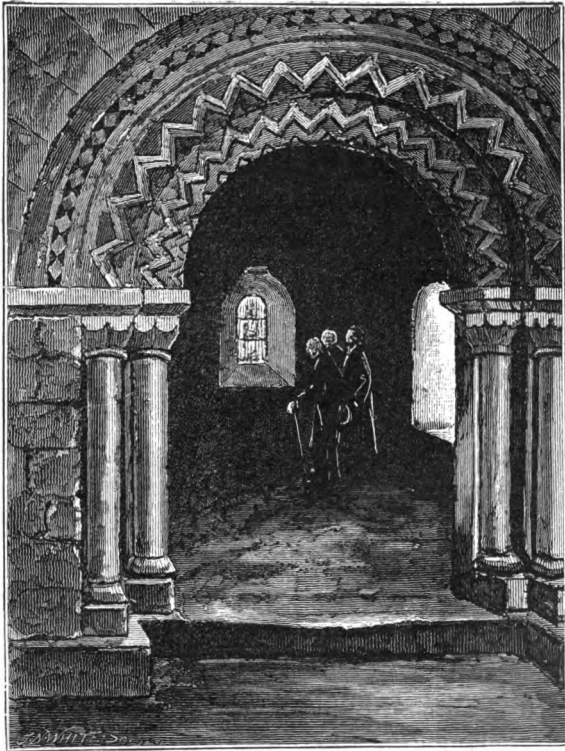
Such is the verdict of the matter-of-fact historian. Surely a higher estimate of character and service could not easily be given ; surely a fuller endorsement in the nineteenth century of the act of canonisation performed in the twelfth could not have been conferred.

Thus, happily, it may be said that the saintly Queen though dead for 800 years

PROEM

still speaks and points to the practice of Christian virtues as opening up the way to the stars. In a very real sense she lives, and to-day is better known even than in the time of her earthly sojourn. Historians, poets, and painters have written anew her record, and have called on all men who reverence the things that are lovely to pay homage to her graces and to her sanctity. And more or less distinctly she has lived, more or less potently she has exercised her influence for good, through the centuries that have slowly passed since her character and work rescued Scotland from the darkness of barbarism.

Thanks to the labours of Freeman, Skene, and others it is now possible to detach Margaret from the circumambient atmosphere of supernatural marvel and legend in which the Holy Church felt it necessary to enshroud her as a saint, and to look at her and know her as part of our humanity. As already indicated the beauty of her character survives the scalpels of the literary anatomists, is indeed made to glisten



QUEEN MARGARET'S CHAPEL, EDINBURGH

PROEM

with fresh attractiveness because of the removal of the hagiological veils and vestures.

Still the purely biographical view that is now possible is not the full historical one; Margaret cannot be properly estimated, or indeed, explained apart from the marvels and legends, in the midst of which and through which she placed her magic spell upon the generations prone to superstition, and touched them to finer issues. And in an age in which rationalism in other departments of thought besides the religious, is apt to dull the sensibility to the sentimental, the romantic, the spiritual, it may be well to realise occasionally the lesson taught by Noel Paton's delightful picture, "Fact and Fancy," that there are two worlds about us for those who have eyes to see and who have ears to hear, and that the world veiled from the ordinary vision is the more wonderful and the more inspiring.

It is Margaret, Queen and Saint, I wish to describe—the Margaret of authentic history and also of legend and tradition, as

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she spent her life in Dunfermline in the later decades of the eleventh century, as she quickened and purified the religious life of the country, and as she wrought in the imagination and heart of the Scottish people and of the professors of the Christian faith everywhere a living sermon in illustration and commendation of the virtues the practice of which produces real sanctification.

CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF MARGARET

"IN connection with Malcolm and Margaret, we must learn to know another famous place in Scotland," says Mr D. Watson Rannie in his newly published "Students' History of Scotland." "King Malcolm made his chief seat, neither at Forteviot nor at Scone, but at Dunfermline."

The express train travelling northward, after it has swept triumphantly across the Forth Bridge, plunges almost immediately into the darkness of a long tunnel. If the traveller asks where he is, he is told he is under the Ferry Hills, so named because eight centuries ago they were wont to witness the passage of the good Queen Margaret as she journeyed between Dunfermline and Edinburgh, between her husband's old and new capitals. If, after the

MARGARET, QUEEN AND SAINT

train emerges from the north end of the tunnel, the passenger, casting his eyes westward and catching a glimpse of a scene which fills him with a glad surprise, asks whether he is passing already through the door of the land of romance, the Highlands of Scotland, he will be quickly answered with pride "No ; but you are in the country of Saint Margaret." Then instantly, if he has any knowledge of English history, and any imagination, he will feel as though he were entering the portals of Fairyland—mayhap, speedily correcting himself to say in pious Puritan New England language, "ay, call it holy ground." For here, in the eleventh century, eight centuries ago was preserved the feeble spark that lit the torch of civilisation in the then dark and barbarous Scotland, with results of infinite value for Scotland and for all the world.

Truly the waters of the Forth present an enchanting spectacle as they spread out like an inland sea so placidly and sweetly after the tide has rolled them through the narrow passage Inchgarvie guards and

THE COMING OF MARGARET

modern engineering science has spanned with a bridge which is one of the wonders of the world. Let the beholder gaze his fill and if possible imprint the scene imperishably on his mind, for soon the land-locked sea known for centuries as St Margaret's Hope will be transformed into a great Naval Base.



ROSYTH CASTLE

Somewhere in this bay, either immediately behind the rocks jutting out to meet Inchgarvie, or near Rosyth Castle, in such a deep recess as sheltered the storm-tossed Æneas and his companions on the Libyan coast, Margaret first set foot on Scottish soil.

The time was October 1069. She did not come joyously to Scotland. She was

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a helpless fugitive. She was the representative of a Saxon family that bore a heavy heritage of woe. Her grandfather, Edmund Ironside, had been killed. Her father, Edward, instead of succeeding to the English throne, had preferred the security of the Continent, and having found hospitality in Hungary, he married the Hungarian Princess Agatha, by whom he had two daughters, Margaret and Christian, and one son, Edgar Atheling. The family had returned to England during the reign of Edward the Confessor, and at the Court of her grand-uncle Margaret had the great advantage of instruction under Lanfranc, one of the most learned men of his time. In the troublous days of the Norman Conquest Edgar was a claimant of the English throne. He was, however, quite unable to make good his pretensions against Norman William, and on the total defeat of his adherents near York the family seem to have made up their minds to seek shelter among their friends in Hungary.

According to tradition, and to general

THE COMING OF MARGARET

belief, Agatha, with her young son, her two fair daughters, and a considerable retinue, had actually begun the retreat to Hungary when a seemingly remorseless fate drove them up the Forth and landed them in a pitifully helpless state at the place on the Fife coast already described, four miles or so distant from King Malcolm's capital at Dunfermline. According to Freeman, however, Malcolm was harrying the North of England at the time Edgar's friends made their last attempt against the Conqueror near York. Having met the fugitive Saxon family in Northumbria he generously offered them shelter in Scotland, inducing them to sail for the Forth while he hastened his own return by land.

Whether we follow the traditional story or accept the theory of Freeman, it is obvious that the plight of the unhappy family was extremely trying when they landed on the Fife shore. Doubtless they were piously grateful for their deliverance from the perils of the sea, and we can imagine that the natural sunshine which

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brightens sea and land after the storm to remind us, like the bow set in the cloud, of the unfailing mercy of God, gladdened their hearts and warmed afresh the hope that springs eternal in the human breast. But it was chill October; the country was rough and inhospitable-looking; the road over hills and through swamps was trying and tiring; the people seemed semi-barbarous; and as for that great-headed warrior king, living in his strong tower, surrounded by his fighting men, how would he receive them? Could his chivalry be trusted, or his authority as their protector be regarded as effective among so many self-willed chiefs.

When the company had accomplished rather more than half the distance between the shore and the Royal stronghold they, according to tradition and generally accepted belief, rested by the side of a great stone lying on the top of one of the crests of the undulating land that rolls upward from the sea to the old town that is set on a hill. That stone has long engaged the



THE ROYAL PALACE OF DUNFERMLINE

MARGARET, QUEEN AND SAINT

attention and excited the speculative faculties of archæologists who see in it the remnant of a cromlech or dolmen telling of a religious cult older than the Roman Invasion.

By generations of simple-minded natives who have made no pretensions to archæological lore the great fragment has been known as St Margaret's Stone. Many thousand native-born boys and girls have been led to it in their infancy with quaking hearts in expectation of seeing a great marvel, having been told that the stone rose from its bed and whirled thrice round in the air every time it heard the cock at the adjoining farm crow with the self-same voice that startled the penitent Peter. One of the sorest disappointments of my own young life came with the tardy realisation that this substantial relic of St Margaret was as deaf as a—stone, and therefore could not be expected to hear, even though the clearest-throated and loudest-piped chanticleer should continuously crow till doomsday! How many a time in boyhood have I stood

THE COMING OF MARGARET

beside that stone and let fancy run riot as I marked the tracing of the slipper of the Princess and other equally unmistakable signs of her presence on this high ground. The old habit remains with me, and in charitable patience with perhaps perfervid patriotism, my readers will perhaps bear with its indulgence now.

Here indeed is a meeting-place of the past and the present. In prehistoric times our rude forefathers groping in their own earnest way after the true God, offered their homage and paid their vows. And the same sun which tells of His mercy and His love which shone on the Druid worshippers, which brightened the rough road from the shore of the Forth to Dunfermline for the Princess Margaret and her friends, still shines benignantly upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.

If I had the genius to construct an epic poem with Margaret as the heroine, I would make this resting-place by the side of the wonderful stone the scene of a Divine revelation of the "Vision of the world and

MARGARET, QUEEN AND SAINT

all the wonder that would be." The worn traveller would mercifully be given relief from her fatigue and her load of care by a mystic sleep in the mist and shadow of which she would be cheered with a panoramic foreshadowing of her future greatness and fame—herself not only a Queen, but a mother of a long descent of Kings and Queens, ever increasing in power and lustre with the lapse of the years until their sovereignty becomes world-wide—the city in which she established her Court ever shining with increasing effulgence as a centre of beneficent industry and as a home of learning and of piety, achieving as the grandest of various distinctions the great credit of brightening for all the land the light of the Evangel she herself introduced—her kingdom gradually extending from Scotland throughout the whole of the land, developing with the process of the suns into the mightiest empire the world has ever seen—and herself made the object of loyal affection and veneration throughout all the ages and in all civilised lands.

THE COMING OF MARGARET

Or if I were a writer of the romance which is more dazzling if not stranger than sober fact, I might be tempted to picture Malcolm hurrying from his castle on receipt of the news of the arrival of the visitors—surprising them as they rested, catching unexpectedly a glimpse of the Princess that made his heart leap and his lips silently frame the words, “Here by God’s rood is the one maid for me,” which Geraint whispered to himself when he saw the noble Enid “in her faded silk,” and overheard her sing “Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.”

CHAPTER II

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

THE probability is, however, that Malcolm had not returned home from his English expedition when his guests arrived. Whether or not he was able to welcome the party in person he certainly soon made it evident that he wished them to consider themselves more than welcome. He must at once have set himself to lay siege to the heart of the Princess Margaret.

Now, it may safely be assumed that Malcolm was not quite Margaret's beau ideal of a lover. He was forty-seven; she was not much over twenty. His Court must have seemed to her rude and little more than half-civilised, for her upbringing had been refined, and she was as much distinguished for her mental accomplishments as for her personal beauty. He was

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

a hunter and a warrior; her inclinations were those of the holy maid longing for the pious repose and security of the convent, whither her sister Christian afterwards proceeded. He was a widower, and by his first wife, Ingibiorg, the widow of Earl Thorfinn, of Orkney, he had two sons; doubtless she thought she had enough of cares and trials to bear.

It is said, indeed, by St Dunelm, who was supposed to have been inspired by Turgot, Margaret's confessor, that Margaret and Malcolm had been lovers in England, and that they had been betrothed to each other before she and her friends left the Northumbrian coast. The probability, however, is that the urgency for the marriage was on Malcolm's part rather than on the part of the Princess and her relatives. As a matter of fact the accounts seem to suggest the King had some difficulty in inducing Edgar as the head of the Saxon family to consent to the union.

At the same time it is not to be supposed that Malcolm was either an unacceptable

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or an undesirable lover. Though he was perhaps unlettered in the sense of not being able to read, he was not uneducated in kingly graces. After the murder of his father by the treacherous Macbeth he had been brought up in Northumberland by his uncle Siward, and had been trained in the knightly accomplishments of the time. Though he could not read or write he could speak three languages, namely, Gaelic, Latin, and Saxon. He was strong and brave, wise in counsel, and skilful in battle, and by his own right arm and subtle brain, as much as by the help of the loyal Macduff and of his uncle's men-at-arms, he had won back the kingdom which his father had lost. Nay, it may be said of him, as Tennyson has written of Arthur—many a petty king ere Malcolm came reigned in North Britain, and ever waging war each upon other wasted all the land, but Canmore

“Drew all their petty principdoms under him
And made a realm and reigned.”

The historians tell us that Malcolm was the

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

first sovereign who was King of Scotland in more than name.

Then what a pedigree he had! According to Robert Chambers he came of a line of kings, dating back six hundred years, and has not Dr Gordon in his *Scotichronicon* compiled a continuous list of Scottish monarchs from the accession of Fergus, who began to reign in the year 330 B.C.! Let us hope that much more attractive to Margaret than her suitor's claims of long descent were his shining virtues of magnanimity and true chivalry. In any case his love was irresistible; she was entirely in his hands; the safety of the fugitive family was dependent upon him; and so let us say, vowing she would ne'er consent, as modest maidens have a way of doing, she consented. Within six months after her arrival in Scotland she was the faithful and loving wife of the large-hearted, large-headed man who was King of Scotland.

The marriage took place on the first day after Easter, or the 5th of April 1070. The ceremony was performed with great

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pomp and solemnity. Fothad II., Bishop of St Andrews, "ane man of great piety and learning," was the officiating clergyman, and in addition to Margaret's friends, with Turgot, the Thanes attended in force, including the valiant Macduff and, let us hope also (tradition and Shakespeare notwithstanding) the quick-witted, stout-hearted wife who in former unhappy days enabled him to escape from the vengeance of Macbeth, and thus afterwards scorned and warned the baffled pursuer—

"Makbeth, luke up and se,
Under yon sayle forsuth is he,
The Thane of Fyffe that thow hast socht;
Trow thow weel and dout rycht nocht
Gyve evyr thow sall him se agayne,
He sall thee set in tyll great payne."

Painters and poets have celebrated the nuptials so pregnant with blessing to Scotland. In "Modern Athens Illustrated" may be read this note:—"In the arched roof of the right hand side staircase in Penicuik House there is a fine painting by Runciman, representing the landing, the

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

marriage feast, nuptial feast, and apotheosis of Margaret of Hungary, Queen of Malcolm Canmore." Winton, the old historian, chronicles the event with great detail in his quaint and graphic Scotch ; and Mercer, a Dunfermline historian and poet, thus describes the solemn jubilation :—

“And holy voice invoked Heaven’s care
To bless thro’ life the Royal pair !
For many days the nuptial feast
Spread joy around in every breast,
And Senachies were loud in song,
With voice and harp to cheer the throng.
A theme so fertile could inspire
The brethren of the holy choir ;
Their strains amid the joyous time
May thus be sung in modern rhyme.”

CHAPTER III

A LOVER'S MISUNDERSTANDING

IN view of the legend about the false knight, the foxy and wicked Modred of the Court, it is permissible to hazard the assumption that in spite of the love and strong sense of duty the royal couple cherished and with which they guarded their lives they did not at first quite harmonise. Their tastes must have been widely different. Malcolm was full of natural vigour. He loved the chase, and Margaret's exacting, not to say austere, religious life probably tried him not a little. He may have felt with Guinevere before she discovered Arthur's fine human nobility and true greatness that he "could not breathe in that fine air, that pure serenity of perfect light." Possibly he began to get restive under a suspicion that his knights who did not like the rigour of the new

A LOVER'S MISUNDERSTANDING

household rule any more than the old priests liked the innovations which were being introduced into the religious service, observed and welcomed a cooling of the first love-glow. At any rate he listened to the story of one of his old confidants that after he had started on the hunt his queen was in the habit of seeking other companionship outside the palace.

The report was a heavy blow to the devoted King. He feared it might be true. We know that "to fall out with those we love doth work like madness in the brain," and the large-hearted Malcolm became madly jealous. He resolved to watch and to test for himself the truth of the evil report that had found a lodgment in his heart, making it surge with tempestuous emotions. Having pretended to start with the huntsmen, he hid himself in the wood, taking up a position from which, unseen himself, he could command the exit from the royal dwelling. His worst fears were aroused when shortly afterwards he observed the Queen leave the Tower unattended by

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any maid and wend her way northwards through the ravine. Furtively he followed her till she disappeared from view in a cave hewn out of the rock by the side of the linn which was doubtless familiar to him. Assuming that this was the trysting-place with the unlawful lover he noiselessly approached, and presently he had his suspicion transformed almost into certain belief by hearing the sound of a voice. It was Margaret's voice ; but there was no answering note—no sound save the music of the babbling brook, or the song of the bird sweetly telling his love from the topmost bough. Then he heard his own name pronounced—not in scorn, but with ineffable gentleness. Immediately his hand started from the hilt of his sword as from a guilty thing, as he all at once realised that his true wife in the purity of her soul and in whole-hearted affection for him had sought this calm retreat for close and uninterrupted communion with her Father, to pray that through the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit her husband might become a true subject of the



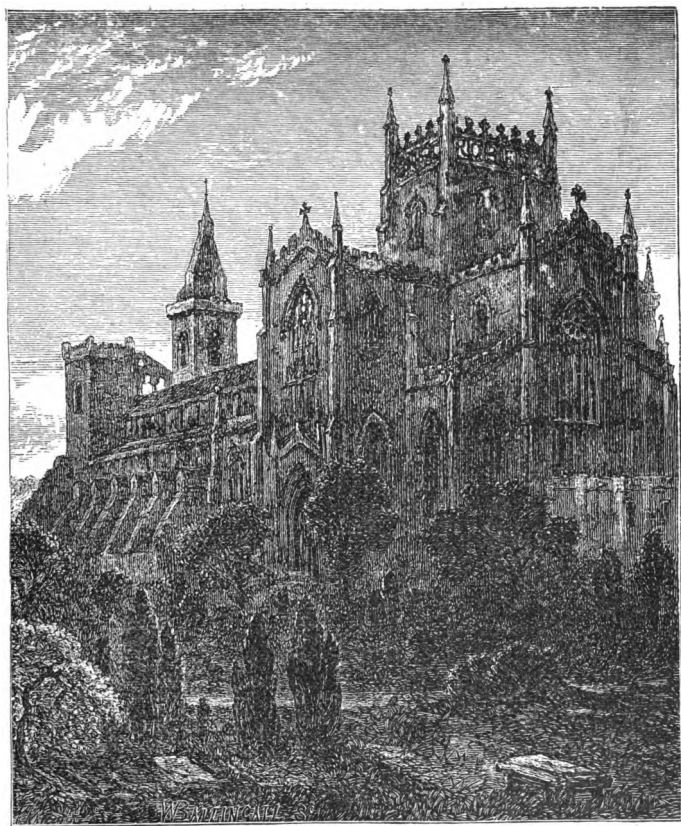
ST MARGARET'S CAVE AND WOER'S ALLEY COTTAGE

MARGARET, QUEEN AND SAINT

King of kings, ruling his household and his kingdom in the fear of the Lord.

Who can picture the sense of shame and the sense of relief Malcolm then experienced ! When a great-souled man discovers himself in an unworthy suspicion, in an unsuspected meanness, he is stirred to the profoundest depths of his being with humiliation and contrition ; but the measure of his debasement in his own eyes marks the height of the rebound of his spiritual nature upwards to the skies. Malcolm went through a reformation, nay, a regeneration, of this kind. He found salvation. He was born again. In his nobler character he has been beautifully limned by our marvellous poet-painter Noel Paton, who inhaled the influence of the story as part of his native air. And as portrayed by that picture Malcolm henceforth stands before us as our own ideal knight, reverencing his conscience as his king.

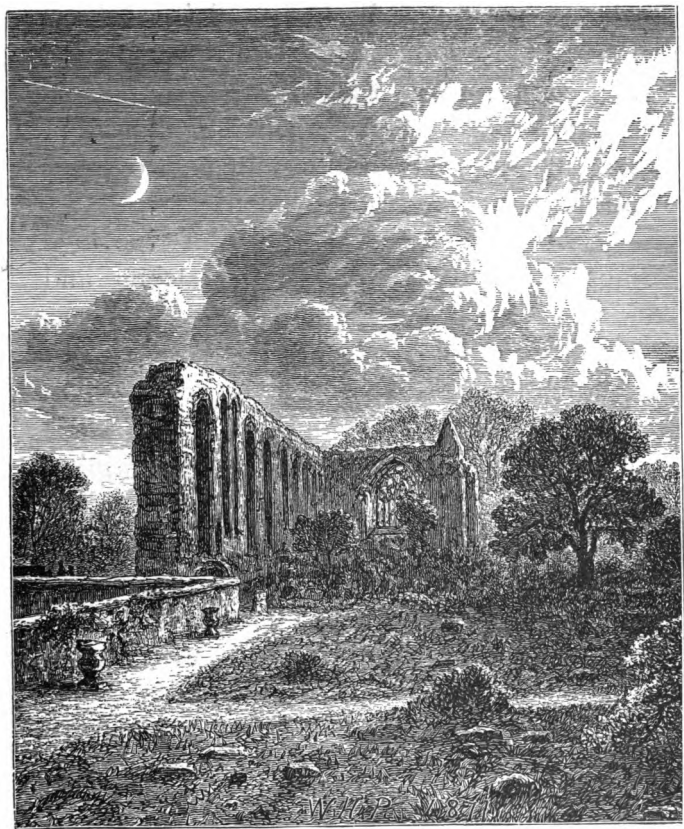
Sir Noel Paton represents Malcolm as the pupil of his young and beautiful wife, but though a pupil, submissive, intent, and



DUNFERMLINE ABBEY

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reverent, he is every inch a king—in dress, in equipment, in manliness of figure, and in dignity of bearing. Of course, the Book they are studying is the Evangel which had already become to Margaret—as it in later days became to Sir Walter Scott—the only book, and the whole soul of the teacher is going out to her one pupil. Obviously, as she grasps his big, strong hand in the fervency of her appeal, she is striving to teach him a great deal more than the letters. She is sending the deathless passion in her eyes through him, making him hers, laying her mind on him, and causing him to believe in her belief. The language of his responding eyes, where love and loyal homage shine, tells of the serenity that draws from the well of love that cannot be sounded or measured or exhausted, which to the leal-hearted in all classes who are equally yoked comes as the second wind comes to the runner, when, after the happy dispersion of the misunderstandings incident to the earlier days of wedded life they realise the divinity of the gift that heart to heart



THE FRATER HALL

MARGARET, QUEEN AND SAINT

and mind to mind in body and in soul can bind. Does not the reverent beholder of the picture fancy that he sees the actual progress of the process of the unification that makes what God has joined together not only one flesh but one spirit?

Ever afterwards the course of true love must have run smooth for Malcolm and Margaret. Glance rapidly at the evidences. According to the tradition, the cave, become a holy of holies, was fitted up as a private oratory or place of devotion. According to authentic history Malcolm was the willing supporter of his reforming Queen as she struggled to liberate the old Culdee priests from the debasements which had marred and vitiated their religious practices ; when the teachers whom Lanfranc, the Archbishop of Canterbury, sent in answer to her application, entered into friendly debate with the Scottish champions of the Culdee cult, he acted as the interpreter for the disputants.

A large church was founded and built in the name of the Holy Trinity on the rising

A LOVER'S MISUNDERSTANDING

ground behind Malcolm's Strong Tower on the brow of the precipice—the Rupes Inaccessa and the guardianship of religion being thus linked in happy association—a practical twelfth century application of the maxim of Cromwell's Ironsides, "Put your trust in Providence and keep your powder dry." This church was lavishly enriched from time to time, and among the special gifts of the Queen are mentioned jewels of great value, vessels of gold and silver, and a black cross full of diamonds, and supposed to have been made of a fragment of the Cross on which Christ had died, which she had brought with her from England. Further, for the purpose, possibly, of conciliating the Culdees, as well as for advancing the cause of religion, a new church was built on Iona, the home of the Columban faith. How solidly built these monuments of the piety and devotion of the twelfth century were is shown by the ruins which remain with us as memorials of the united Celtic and Saxon sovereignties.

CHAPTER IV

THE REFORMING QUEEN

THESE buildings at Dunfermline and Iona were, however, only the external evidences of the work of a reform much more valuable. Margaret did a great deal to harmonise the worship of the old Celtic Church with the service and observances of the Churches of England and Rome. She rectified the date for the commencement of Lent. She introduced the Easter Communion. She assimilated the marriage law to that of the other Churches of Christendom, insisting more particularly on the recognition of the prohibited degrees.

She did, however, much better work, for she was too much in earnest to be content with the observance of the external proprieties. She vitalised at her court and in her country the religious sentiment. Her

THE REFORMING QUEEN

own faith was living and pure, and she sought to vivify and keep pure the faith of her people. Her influence was distinctly evangelical in the truest modern sense of the term, not to say Puritanic. She taught her people to realise the personal, individual character of religious service and responsibility by condemning the custom of celebrating the Communion without anyone receiving it. She wished them to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." "It is to St Margaret," says Dr Boyd, "that Scotland owes her solemnly kept Sundays."

Possibly she was also the originator of the custom of returning thanks after meals, still honoured in old-fashioned pious homes. She did not easily convert the nobles who dined at the royal table to this act of worship, but at last, with quite a Pauline tact, she caught them with guile. For those who remained to hear the chaplain she reserved a cup of choicest wine. Tempted by this reward the nobles gradually conformed to the Queen's domestic rule, and thus it was that the "grace cup," and with it the thanks-

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giving prayer after meals, were introduced as usages characteristic of Scottish domestic life. She was equally exacting as to the conduct of the ladies of her court. No scandalous talk was permitted. "In her presence," testifies Turgot, her chaplain and her biographer, "nothing unseemly was ever done or uttered." She made religion a reality, and her concern was to engage all whom she could influence to work along with her, a living sermon of the truths she taught. "There is but one story," Dr Boyd observes, "of her touching beauty, of her unselfish and holy life, of her wonderful influence over the rude people among whom it was appointed her to live." As a religious reformer she anticipated in Scotland by fully two centuries the work of Wycliffe, the "morning star" of the Reformation in England. In the *Merchant of Venice* Portia says :—

"How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

The torch of civilisation and Christianity which Margaret lit in Dunfermline gave to

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Scotland an illumination which guided her quickly and safely in her advance to a foremost place among the nations of the world.

In Hailes "Annals" are detailed Margaret's pious charities and mortifications. "Every morning," we are told, "she prepared food for nine little children, all indigent orphans. On her bended knees she fed them. With her own hand she ministered at table to crowds of poor persons, and washed the feet of six children. While the king was occupied with affairs of State she repaired to the altar, and there with long prayers, sighs, and tears offered herself a willing sacrifice to the Lord. In the season of Lent, besides reciting particular rites, she went through the whole psalter twice or thrice within the space of twenty-four hours. Before the time of public mass she heard five or six private masses. After that service she fed twenty-four persons; and then, and not till then, she retired to a scanty ascetic meal."

Let it not be supposed she was indifferent to, or neglected her secular duties. She developed a splendour in court life

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such as Scotland had never seen before. In the "Annals" already quoted it is stated that she was magnificent in her own attire. "She increased the number of attendants on the person of the king, augmented the parade of his public appearances, and caused him to be served at table in gold and silver plate."

She actively encouraged, too, industrial enterprise. She taught her maids to vie with each other in sewing accomplishments. The Royal Needlework Society or Guild is supposed to be a modern development of philanthropy by high-born ladies who have taken to heart Tennyson's rebuke and counsel to Lady Clara Vere de Vere. As a matter of fact, a Royal Needlework Society was in practical operation in Dunfermline eight centuries ago. The Scottish heart beats to the tartan, and some degenerate Scotsmen who have given up their claim to the kilt as the first successor of the fig-leaf, in the attire of the human race, have compounded for their weakness by crediting Margaret, who seems to have been fond of

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vestments of divers colours, with the invention of the tartan cloth. Her association with the introduction of the making of linen is perhaps a better founded conjecture. Many Saxon refugees were attracted to and sheltered at her court, and it is believed they brought with them, along with their higher civilisation, a knowledge of various industrial arts hitherto unknown to the Celtic population. I sometimes wonder that Englishmen are not more resentful than they show themselves of the overrunning of their land by so many immigrants from the other side of the Border. Let them remember that their forefathers began the practice long ago in Scotland, and that, perhaps, some Scottish people now settled in some of the northern parts of England are really kinsfolk more Saxon than Celtic in blood, returning to claim their own on the strength of an eight hundred years' old title.

CHAPTER V

KINGLY SONS AND QUEENLY DAUGHTERS

CHARITY begins at home ; and as love is the first of the Christian virtues it is eminently befitting that we should find it in full bloom in the family of so conspicuously pious a woman as Margaret. In her as in Victoria "a thousand claims to reverence closed" as wife and mother as well as Queen. Her husband and she rendered each other beautiful worship, and dwelt together in happiness. The description of the relations of the Cid and Ximena placed on the monument in the Convent of San Pedro de Cardena—"his wife so perfect, whom he loved as his own soul," may fitly be applied to Malcolm and Margaret.

Six sons and two daughters were born to them, and their children were brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the

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Lord." Doubtless they were gently and lovingly reared, but there is evidence that the rod was not spared when neglect or wrong-doing seemed to call for the infliction of punishment. There is a story which suggests that the fastness standing on the site now occupied by the ruins of Castle Campbell, then known as the Castle of Gloom—overshadowed as it was by high hills and practically cut off from the world, with the two streams ominously named Dolor and Gryf, raging by the base of the precipitous sides—was used as a sort of house of correction for the royal family, and that the daughters as well as the sons were occasionally condemned to a temporary banishment to the uninviting stronghold guarding one of the passes of the Ochils. The third son, Edmond, was detected of conduct that looked like treachery or disloyalty, and he was promptly deprived of his princely rank. There is, however, ground for the belief that the young man made a genuine repentance for his transgression, and was

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restored to a measure at least of the parental trust.

The family, as a whole, amply rewarded the efforts of Malcolm and Margaret to teach them wisdom and piety. Surely the sweetest delight that can be given to pious parents is that supplied by seeing their sons and daughters endowed with intellect and versed in the highest accomplishments befitting their station, walking in the pleasant path of virtue as if they liked it. In quite an exceptional degree that exquisite happiness was given to the greatest sovereign of the Fergus House and his gifted and noble Saxon Consort.

Edward, the eldest son, was his brave father's right hand man alike in counsel and in battle, and was always his mother's "my Edward," just as in modern time the accomplished and valorous Frederick, the husband of our British Crown Princess, was always "unser Fritz" of the German Emperor William I. Ethelrede, the youngest, in after years became Abbot of Dunkeld, a real spiritual lord who at the same time

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retained temporal or political rank and distinction as *comes de fyf*. Reference has already been made to the unfortunate Edmond, whom we shall try to think of as the penitent rather than the transgressor. The other three—Edgar, Alexander, and David—ascended the throne in succession, and, says William of Malmesbury, “no history has recorded three kings and brothers who were of equal sanctity and savoured so much of their mother’s piety.” For nearly two centuries Scotland enjoyed the great advantage of being ruled by sovereigns representing in a higher or less degree the virtues of their progenitors, Malcolm and Margaret. Hence the country advanced steadily in national unity and prosperity until Alexander, the hero of the battle of Largs, which delivered the country finally from the raids of the Norwegians, fell with his horse over a cliff between Burntisland and Kinghorn. Then, indeed, for a space of time, the gold was changed into lead, until the great King Robert arose as champion of the national independence

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and as the connecting link between the houses of Fergus and Stuart, with both of which Queen Victoria could claim relationship.

The fortunes of the two daughters were equally brilliant and notable. After their education at Dunfermline, and probably Edinburgh, under the direct supervision of their mother, was finished, and after the death of their mother, they were sent for a higher course of instruction, if that were possible, to their Aunt Christian, who had become Abbess of Romsey in Hampshire. They were fortunate in their aunt as well as in their mother.

Although a zealous and faithful abbess, Aunt Christian evidently did not think it her duty to hide the graces and virtues of her nieces under a bushel. The noblest of suitors were encouraged to seek the hands of the Princesses in marriage. Matilda, the elder, captivated the heart of Henry I. of England, and when some sticklers for ecclesiastical rule endeavoured to forbid the banns by pleading that she had been bred

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a nun, she resolutely spoke for herself in a manner John Alden would have liked to have done for himself in his courtship of Priscilla, the Puritan maid. Plainly she had no intention to let slip the crown of Queen of England when it was placed within her reach. She promptly answered that she had taken no vows, that she never had any intention of engaging herself to a monastic life, and that on one occasion, when she had worn a veil to please her aunt, her father angrily pulled it off her head and tore it in pieces. Archbishop Anselm sustained the Princess's plea, and she became Queen of England, one of the ancestresses of the House of Plantagenet and of the present Royal family.*

* "She had been veiled in her childhood, she said, only to save herself from the insults of the rude soldiery who infested the land, had flung the veil from her again and again, and had yielded at last to the unwomanly taunts, to the actual blows of her aunt. As often as I stood in her presence I wore the veil, trembling with indignation and grief, but as soon as I could get out of her sight, I used to snatch it from my head, fling it to the ground, and trample it under foot. That was the way, and none other, in which I was veiled! Anselm at once declared her free from

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Mary, the second daughter, married Eustace, Count of Boulogne, and her daughter, the granddaughter of Margaret, married Stephen, through whom she also became a Queen of England and the ancestress of many kings and queens.

conventual bonds, and the shout of the English multitude when he set the crown on Matilda's brow drowned the murmur of Churchman or of baron."—*J. R. Green's History of the English People.*

CHAPTER VI

THE WARS WITH NORMAN ENGLAND

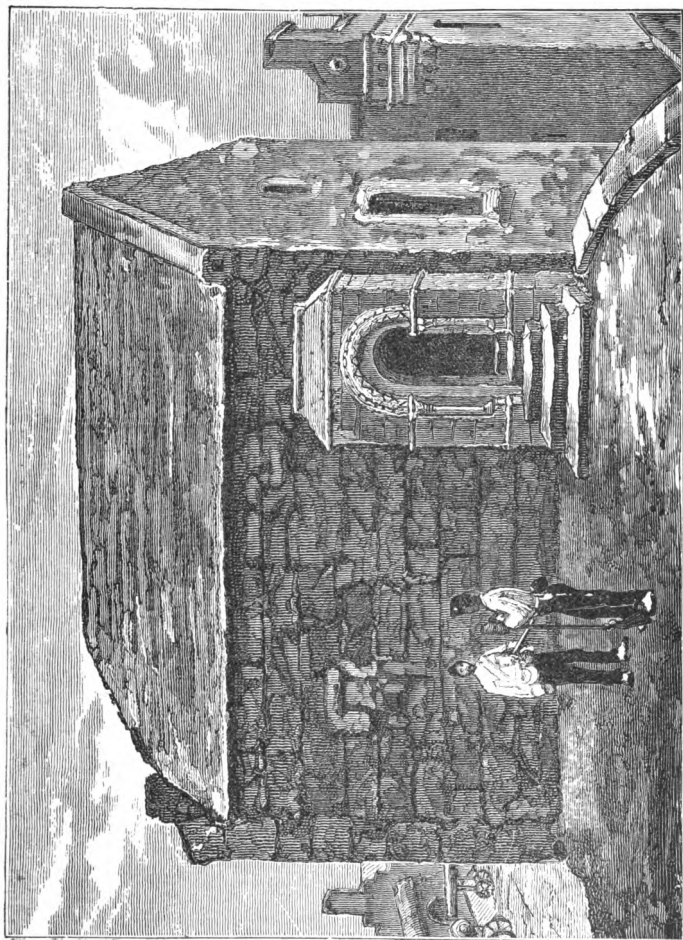
MARGARET'S influence as consort of King Malcolm was, we may safely assume, pacific, but unfortunately her advent to Scotland, so pregnant with advantage in so many ways, did not bring the blessing of peace. Malcolm had much rough work to do in order to consolidate his kingdom. Moreover he had powerful external as well as troublesome internal foes to contend against. Twice his country was invaded by the Southron, and on one occasion, unable to resist William the Conqueror, who had advanced as far north as Abernethy, he offered himself as "the man" of the Norman King and gave him hostages. The orthodox Scottish view of this transaction is that homage was paid only for the territories south of the Tweed and the Solway which

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Malcolm claimed as his possessions, or at most for the Lothian lands, and certainly not for the whole of Scotland, over which William never exercised any kind of suzerainty. Malcolm on his part made at least five invasions of England as the friend of Edgar Atheling and of the Saxon nobles who disliked the Norman yoke. More than once he extended his raids as far south as York, and more than once he made acquaintance with Cleveland.

His last campaign took place in 1093. William Rufus having, in the preceding year, wrested Cumbria from its old Scottish connection, Malcolm entered England at the head of a formidable army to recover his lost estate. At Alnwick the king was the victim of a foul treachery, and both he and his eldest son lost their lives.

At the time Margaret was lying seriously ill at Edinburgh. She had exhausted her strength by fasting and exacting religious ordinances or penances, and she suffered, it is believed, from consumption. She was restless and uneasy, wrestling much in



ST MARGARET'S CHAPEL, EDINBURGH

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prayer but not getting the comfort her attendants desired, and according to the monkish legends, sorrowfully anticipating dule for her family and for Scotland. When her son Edgar, who had hastened back from Alnwick, entered her bedchamber, she earnestly asked for news. "How fares it," she said, "with the king and my Edward?"

Tenderly Edgar told the sad tale to her to whom he could not speak other than the simple truth. Raising her eyes to heaven the dying saint offered her last prayer on earth. "Praise and blessing be to Thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins. And Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who through the will of the Father hast given life to the world by Thy death, have mercy on me." And then the spirit returned to the God who gave it. According to one account the sad news brought by her son "so affected her with grief that her strength and her spirits failed

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her, she made confession to Turgot, received the Holy Sacrament, gave her dying blessing to those around her, and expired."

Happily—as already indicated in the previous chapter, telling of the fusion of the Scottish and English royal families by the marriages of Margaret's two daughters—the time of strife was followed by a period of reconciliation and gradual unification. In Mr Rannie's "Students' History of Scotland" already quoted, the work of pacification during the brief reign of Edgar is described. It is pointed out that Edgar as the son of Margaret was half English; but he owed his establishment on the Scottish throne, in face of the opposition of his elder half-brother Duncan, and of his uncle Donald Bane, to the intervention of his English uncle, Edgar the Atheling, and to the sympathy of Norman William Rufus. "Edgar seems to have frankly acknowledged his vassalage to Rufus, and from beginning to end his short reign was marked by friendliness with England." The marriage of Matilda to Norman Henry I. is spoken of,

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showing that the young *Regnum Scotiæ* was working in harmony with Norman England, and as bringing English and Normans together in England. The selection by Edgar of Edinburgh as his capital, brought him into a territory which was then feudally, as well as racially, English.

CHAPTER VII

THE TITLES TO SAINTHOOD

EVEN during her life, or at least immediately after her death, the title to sainthood, which comes from the power of miracle-working, was claimed for Queen Margaret. Turgot, her historian as well as her counsellor, presented the truer view. "Others," he said, "may admire the indications of sanctity which miracles afford. I much more admire in Margaret the works of mercy. Miracles are common to the evil and the good, but the works of true piety and charity are peculiar to the good." And his records of her deeds of piety and charity are the best title to her sanctification.

The Roman Church, however, thought differently. Its influence was steadily increasing in Scotland, and the pious succession of sovereigns already referred to were

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gradually led to identify service and submission to Rome with devotion to the memory of the good Queen. Meanwhile the Church founded by Malcolm and Margaret was likewise growing in wealth and power, and was being recognised as the chief religious centre in the country. In 1243 Pope Innocent IV. conferred on the Abbot of Dunfermline the honour or privilege of wearing the Mitre, the Ring, and other pontifical ornaments. Two years afterwards his Holiness directed an inquiry to be made as to the veracity of a report sent to him by King Alexander, about the issue from the grave of Margaret of an "infinite bright, flashing, coruscating light," with a view to the canonisation of his distinguished ancestor. Of course the truth of the miracle and of various others, such as the preservation of Margaret's beautiful Evangelium or Book of the Four Gospels—now treasured as a priceless relic in the Bodleian Library, Oxford—which a careless messenger had let fall into a stream, and the healing influence of various sacred

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possessions she had left, were attested to the complete satisfaction of the Pope and his Cardinals, and the name of Queen Margaret of Scotland was forthwith placed in the catalogue of Saints.

Further, the soundness of the judgment of the infallible Church was surely clearly demonstrated when the translation of the body of the Saint to the richly adorned shrine prepared for its reception was in progress. According to the monkish records, when the earth in which the stone coffin containing the mortal remains of the saint had been buried was disturbed, a perfume like the scent of the springing flowers filled the whole building. More marvellous still, when the bearers of the body came opposite Malcolm's grave their onward march was arrested. Their arms became benumbed; the weight of their burden suddenly grew heavier than they could bear. Assistance was called for, but to no purpose; the body could not be moved, and to the dismay of all the beholders the translation was suspended. At

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last a pious monk, surely Divinely inspired, cried, "The Queen will not stir till equal honours are paid to her husband." The wise old man realised that as in life the pair had lived in sweetest concord and in death had not been divided, their separation was now being forbidden.

Heed was given to this interpretation of the wonder; and then, when Malcolm's body had been lifted, the wonder was prolonged and magnified, for the Queen's body immediately became portable, and translation was effected without further mishap or delay. Needless to say that the shrine henceforth became the most esteemed of holy places in Scotland. For more than three hundred years lights were constantly kept burning before the tomb, and large groups of pilgrims from lands beyond Scotland wended their way to Dunfermline to worship at the sacred shrine and to pay the religious dues.

When Louis Kossuth, as the guest of the late Mr Erskine Beveridge, visited Dunfermline in 1856, he did not forget, in the

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midst of the festivities, to pay a visit to the grave of his distinguished countrywoman.

Even yet, the visitor to Dunfermline Abbey, as he stands by the remains of the shrine, may witness a devout Roman Catholic drop on his or her knees and offer a fervent prayer over the grave of the canonised Queen.

The shrine itself was destroyed at the Reformation. What was said to be the head of the Queen was taken to Douay, where Scottish students were wont to repair, but somehow during the Revolution—which, like the Reformation, made a clean sweep of many old beliefs and other effete survivals—the miraculous head was lost. Philip II. was reported and believed to have enshrined a number of St Margaret relics in the Escorial, but when nearly half a century ago the Roman Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh applied for them for the enrichment and sanctification of a place of worship in his diocese they could not be found.

And the merciless modern critic is making

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short work of the belief in the translation miracles. Thus the Dunfermline annalist significantly points out that nothing was ever heard about the coruscating light over Margaret's tomb before the idea of canonisation had been entertained for the purpose of increasing the fame and the revenues of the abbey, nor after the translation had been effected. Again he tells us that Malcolm's tomb before the translation stood right in the way of the daily processions "that had become part of the recognised Roman worship, and made a break in the fine view of the new choir." The Lord Abbot, he adds, knew well that with all his address, he could not obtain liberty to remove the structure as an obstruction to the performance of the more imposing services he desired to introduce, and hence he fell upon the device of a feigned miracle to provide an excuse for the change.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE LEGENDS SHOULD BE READ

AM I asked to believe in the legends and stories that were and are used to justify the canonisation of Margaret? I answer: Yes—that is as they ought to be believed. What, for example, are these stories about the healing virtue of the relics but glimmering revelations in a dark age of the benevolence and philanthropy of the Christian faith—the association of Christian doctrine with the greatest of all graces, with the charity that believeth all things, that therefore believes in the salvability of the human race, and that not only offers healing and salvation, but lovingly and trustfully works for it? .

What is the story about the wonderful preservation of that triumph of monkish caligraphy the beautiful Evangelium but

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a proclamation of the old inspiring faith
“The Word of the Lord endureth for
ever?” And is not the teaching of the
feigned translation miracle in beautiful
assonance with the sentiment of Ruth’s
touching and resistless appeal to Naomi—
“Entreat me not to leave thee: whither
thou goest I will go, and where thou
lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be
my people, and thy God my God; where
thou diest, will I die, and there will I be
buried.” Nay, is it not reproduced most
pathetically and tenderly in that sublime
presentation of Scottish domestic piety, with
its love more lasting than life and its
assurance of an enduring association in
death?

“John Anderson, my jo John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And many a canty day, John,
We’ve had wi’ ane anither.
Now we maun toddle doon, John,
But hand in hand we’ll go.
And we’ll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.”

Many of the legends and traditions, which

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are the offspring of a religious life that has passed away, are beautiful as well as wonderful, but they can now only be fully appreciated when they are thus rationalised.

And what about Saint Worship? Yes, I uphold that too—in its proper place. That is a poor life which has no high ideals, and it is an unhappy one that has not seen them embodied in actual life as well as in history. Let us always be looking for the highest, and let us love it when we see it. That is only another way of saying—Let us think of the things that are lovely and of good report, and as far as possible make them our own. Who can estimate the extent or the value of the stimulus and the sustenance given to domestic virtue, to true patriotism, and to religious devotion by the worship of Margaret Queen and Saint? During her own life her influence, marvellously potent and refining though it was in every sphere, was comparatively limited. With all her queenly authority, for example, she was completely baffled in an attempt to obtain some recognition of a

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modest official rank for women in the service of the Church to which she was ardently devoted, and of which she was herself no small part. Happily, however, the good she did was not interred with her bones. The influence of her works and character survived her mortal life, and has been steadily growing in sweetness and power with the lapse of the centuries.

Without believing in the accounts of the miracles by which the over-zealous clergy sought to impose on the credulity of former generations ; while noticing how completely the evidence on which these reports rested crumbles into dust under modern investigation ; though we may dismiss the legend about the delightful perfume that filled the holy fane when the saint's body was removed from its original resting-place — yet we can recognise the sweet-smelling savour associated with Margaret's life and work, and feel that it is destined to endure throughout all time. She made religion in Scotland a reality, and so prepared the Scottish people to take full advantage of

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the Reformation when that vitalising religious change came in the fulness of the times. She opened the way for the fusion of the races that form the British population, and that sustain the weight of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. Whether or not she is entitled to the credit of having started the linen weaving that has given my native town an honourable fame in industrial enterprise, I feel sure that Dunfermline would never have been known as the "cradle of Scottish Dissent," but for the sustaining glow in the religious life supplied by the intimate associations of the town with the saintly Queen. For the unwritten memorials must have been accepted and cherished as domestic "lares" that sanctified the home life and ennobled its aspirations.

Do you wish to have nineteenth century testimony of the survival of this influence? Then read the inscription placed by Dean Stanley on the monument he erected in Dunfermline to the memory of his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley. The wife of the

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Dean, who in the slums of Westminster so often won the blessing of those who were ready to perish, and who in the highest circles shed a refining religious influence, was certainly a spiritual and in all probability a physical descendant of the good Queen who freely spent her strength in benefactions, and who caused sin and rudeness to hide their face for shame ; and her last thoughts were of Dunfermline as her home.

Perhaps the most gifted of Dunfermline's sons was Sir Noel Paton. The great poet-painter has more than once in the creations of his genius confessed the power of the teaching of Margaret that hovered around him in his infancy and early manhood ; and that seemed to grow in potency as he advanced in years.

The lives and loves of Queen Margaret and King Malcolm powerfully appealed to Noel Paton from his earliest days. In contact with the historic scenes from infancy, his genius was undoubtedly fired and in no small measure moulded by

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the romantic and legendary environment. For him Queen Margaret was the first of heroines; Malcolm Canmore the first of heroes. Some of his earliest efforts as a poet-painter were endeavours to realise the ideas of religious faith and of knightly chivalry the story of the saintly Queen and the heroic King inspired. After he attained to manhood and fame he made more than one attempt to transfer to the canvas the dreams his childish fancy excited and in which it found pleasure.

Among the first of these was a sketch illustrative of the ill-founded suspicion of the King, its stinging rebuke and its effective cure—as he crept near the cave, intent in his maddened jealousy on slaying a supposed rival in his consort's affections, and discovered that the Queen's object in repairing to the solitary place was that free from disturbance she might weary heaven with prayers for the highest welfare of her dear lord. This sketch passed from the hands of Sir Noel to those of the late Mr Andrew

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Blair, and from him to the possession of the late Bailie Walker, by whose last surviving sister it is now piously cherished. The acquisition of this beautiful historical picture doubtless strengthened the Bailie's desire to obtain possession of the cave oratory, to be handed over by him as a gift to his native city to which he was so ardently devoted.

In 1872, when Mr William Ballingall was preparing his "Shores of Fife" he was fortunate enough to obtain from Sir Noel a picture of Margaret teaching Malcolm Canmore the Scriptures,* which he wisely utilised as the frontispiece of his beautiful volume. Three years later this illustration was introduced to a wider circle of admirers when "Classic Scenes in Scotland by Modern Artists" was published. When a fellow townsman and family friend, Mr Hay, was home from Australia in 1887, he commissioned Sir Noel to paint for him, as a lover of Dunfermline, a Dunfermline picture. Reverting to the subject that had engaged

* See Frontispiece.

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his thoughts from childhood upwards, the great artist, in the maturity of his powers and at the height of his fame, produced the famous picture which is now, thanks to a bequest by the late Mr J. T. Smith of Duloch, to find a home in Dunfermline, where its painter and first owner could have most desired it to be kept.

And what is the explanation of that fascinating historical picture that enriches the beautiful window of the oldest part of the nave of the old church? The mother of Mr Andrew Carnegie, who left the home of her people when her son was yet a young boy to try her fortune across the seas, carried with her an inextinguishable love for her native town and her kinsfolk, which she transmitted to and fostered in her son, and which has in these latter days found expression among other ways in a work of art, one of the finest productions of the genius of Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland, offered as a tribute to the memory of Margaret and of her husband Malcolm, of William Wallace, the hero of Scottish



DUNFERMLINE ABBEY FROM PITTENCRIEFF GLEN

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liberty, and of Robert Bruce, the champion of the national independence. No, the shrine of Margaret, Queen and Saint, has not yet lost its attractive power.

If any of my readers ever go to Dunfermline to worship at it, how much would I like to be with them—to show them the remains of the church, once deemed “the largest and fairest” in Scotland; the sites of the shrine and of the cave oratory, and of the royal tomb, which has received the dust of eight kings, five queens, seven princes, and two princesses, besides many dignitaries in State and Church; the street and various buildings and workshops, the church and the cathedral, bearing the Queen’s name, not forgetting the mysterious stone on the Queensferry road, or the landing place at St Margaret’s Hope, or the Queensferry itself, across which Her Majesty was frequently carried in her journeys between the old and the new capitals, and her emaciated body was at last borne for sepulture in the Church of the Holy Trinity, which she and Malcolm

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had piously founded. Yet I am afraid I might weary them, for when one has as his theme a character or figure associated with a place the very dust of which is dear to him, he is apt to be prolix. My hope is that to the pious pilgrim this book may prove not unacceptable as a substitute for personal ciceroneship.

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